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NOW YOU CAN BE YOUNGER THAN SHE IS

It is a scientific fact that girls reach emotional maturity earlier than boys. For this reason freshman girls are reluctant to make romantic alliances with freshman boys, but instead choose men from the upper classes.

Thus the freshman boys are left dateless, and many is the night the entire freshman dorm sobs itself to sleep. An equally moist situation exists among upper-class girls. With upper-class men being snapped up by freshman girls, the poor ladies of the upper class are reduced to dreary, manless evenings of Monopoly and home permanents.

It pleasures me to report there is a solution for this morbid situation—indeed, a very simple solution. Why don't the two great have-not groups—the freshman boys and the upper-class girls—find solace with each other?

True, there is something of an age differential, but that need not matter. Take, for example, the case of Albert Payson Signfoss and Eustacia Vye.

Albert Payson, a freshman in sand and gravel at Vanderbilt University, was walking across the campus one day, weeping softly in his loneliness. Blinded by tears, he stumbled upon

We could build a Snowman...

the supine form of Eustacia Vye, a senior in wicker and raffia, who was collapsed in a wretched heap on the turf.

"Why don't you watch where you're going, you minor youth?" said Eustacia peevishly.

"I'm sorry, lady," said Albert Payson and started to move on. But suddenly he stopped, struck by an inspiration. "*Lady,*" he said, tugging his forelock, "don't think me forward, but I know why you're miserable. It's because you can't get a date. Well, neither can I. So why don't we date each other?"

"Surely you jest!" cried Eustacia, looking with scorn upon his tiny head and body.

"I," I knew I'm younger than you are," said Albert Payson, "but that doesn't mean we can't find lots of fun things to do together."

"Like what?" she asked.

"Well," said Albert Payson, "we could build a Snowman."

"Bah!" said Eustacia, grinding her teeth.

"All right then," said Albert Payson, "we could go down to the pond and catch some frogs."

"Ugh!" said Eustacia, shuddering her entire length.

"How about some Run-Sheep-Run?" suggested Albert Payson.

"You are callow, green, and immature," said Eustacia, "and I will thank you to remove your underaged presence from mine eyes."

Sighing, Albert Payson lighted a cigarette and started away.

"Stay!" cried Eustacia.

He stayed.

"*Was that a Marlboro Cigarette you just lighted?*" she asked.

"What else?" said Albert Payson.

"Then you are not immature!" she exclaimed, clasping him to her clavicle. "For to smoke Marlboros is the very essence of wisdom, the height of American know-how, the incontrovertible proof that you can tell gold from dross, right from wrong, fine aged tobacco from pale, pathetic substitutes. Albert Payson, if you will still have me, I am yours!"

"I will," he said, and did, and today they are married and run the second biggest wicker and raffia establishment in Duluth, Minnesota.

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Freshman, sophomore, junior, senior—all classes, ages, types, and conditions—will enjoy mild, rich, filter-tip Marlboros—available in pack or box in every one of our fifty states.

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